

The  
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# OPERA LIBRETTO

No. 2

# RIGOLETTO



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# RIGOLETTO

Composed *by* Giuseppe Verdi

# NOTES



## THE OPERA

It is on record that "Rigoletto" was composed in the almost incredibly short time of six weeks, in 1851, in its composer's 39th year. It is commonly regarded as the first work in the second of the three periods into which Verdi's creative life was divided. He had already many successes to his credit, and was assured of such a position in the world of music, and especially of opera, as very few men of 38 have achieved. In many ways unlike the great works which the amazing vitality of his later years enabled him to produce, so unlike "Aida," for instance, that did one not know the facts of their origin, it would be easy to believe them the creations of two different masters, "Rigoletto" is in popularity a very strong rival to the later and bigger work. For three-quarters of a century, the opera, produced with so marvellous an expedition, has retained its hold on the world's affections, a hold which it shows no sign at all of losing.

The plot turns on the adventures of the profligate Duke of Mantua; he has a good deal in common with Don Giovanni—the same ruthless disregard for the feelings of others, in search of his own gratification, and something of the same debonair charm which explains, if it cannot excuse, the indulgence with which he is met. His hunchback jester, Rigoletto, aiding and abetting him in his intrigues, has made many enemies among the Duke's courtiers. His jesting, too, is often of that biting sort which rankles in the victims' minds afterwards. Count Ceprano is one of these; he nurses the memory of Rigoletto's jesting on the subject of the Duke's armour with his Countess. Marullo is another victim. He has mistaken Gilda, Rigoletto's daughter, for the jester's mistress, and plans with the other nobles to revenge themselves by carrying her off. But the enemy whose hatred forms the key note of the whole plot, giving it its original name, "The Curse," is the old Count Monterone. His daughter has been caught in the Duke's toils, and it is when Rigoletto makes fun of the old man's denunciation, that Monterone calls down a father's curse upon the jester's head. Rigoletto is visibly disturbed, and throughout the remaining course of the drama feels the curse weighing upon him.

In the second scene the jester meets Sparafucile, a bravo who offers his services as assassin, if they should be required. His mind still obsessed by the Curse, Rigoletto warns his daughter against the dangers which lurk about her, charging her chaperon, Giovanna, to guard his "tender blossom" jealously. The Duke comes on the scene in the guise of a student, and, when Rigoletto goes, joins in a love duet with Gilda. The Duke in turn has to go, and Gilda, left alone, sings the famous air known best by its Italian title "Caro nome." The nobles next appear, as Ceprano had planned, and not only carry off Gilda by climbing over the courtyard wall, but actually beguile her father into helping them, by blindfolding him and telling him that it is the Countess Ceprano who is to be abducted. Only after they have gone does the jester realise what has befallen him, seeing in it part of the fulfilment of the Curse.



In the next Act, the Duke returns to his palace after being to Rigoletto's house and finding the daughter flown. Learning from his courtiers that she has been brought to the palace, he hastens to her. Rigoletto comes to look for his daughter, and the scene which follows is noteworthy not only for its tense dramatic situation, but for the way in which Verdi has embodied that in his music. Rigoletto knows that he is in the presence of those whom he unwittingly helped to abduct his daughter, and yet he must make merry and jest with them. At last when Gilda, escaping from the Duke, throws herself into his arms, he turns on the crowd and, with a sternness which they must perforce obey, orders them out of his sight. In the scene which follows between father and daughter, Rigoletto swears vengeance on his master, and yet Gilda, fascinated by her careless admirer, begs for his forgiveness.

At the beginning of the third Act, Rigoletto has brought his daughter to Sparafucile's house, so that she may witness her lover's fickleness, as he makes love to Maddalena, Sparafucile's sister, who acts as decoy for the bravo's victims. The Duke comes, disguised as a soldier, and sings the famous "*La donna è mobile.*" The great quartet follows, in which Sparafucile and Maddalena join the Duke and Gilda, while Rigoletto mutters of vengeance. Then Sparafucile arranges with Rigoletto to murder the Duke, and to hand over the body in a sack which Rigoletto may himself have the satisfaction of throwing in the river. A storm comes on, with thunder and lightning and a moaning wind. When it has died down, Maddalena, in turn fascinated by the Duke, pleads with her brother for his life. Sparafucile yields so far as to promise that if any other arrives at the house in time, he will be killed instead and put in the sack. Gilda, dressed as a boy, at her father's suggestion, so that she may escape to Verona, knocks at the door. She receives the assassin's dagger, and there is a stifled cry in the darkness. Rigoletto returns and the sack is handed over to him. As he begins to drag it towards the river, he hears a well-known voice singing snatches of the "*Donna è mobile,*" and the hunchback in desperation tears open the sack only to find his daughter, not yet quite dead. Their duet is the closing number, and the opera comes to an end with the music of the Curse, whose fulfilment Rigoletto now knows.





# RIGOLETTO

## 3

### CHARACTERS

THE DUKE OF MANTUA ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Tenor
RIGOLETTO, his jester (a hunchback) ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Baritone
GILDA, Rigoletto's daughter ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Soprano
MADDALENA, sister of ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Contralto
SPARAFUCILE, an assassin ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Bass
COUNT MONTERONE, a noble ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Baritone
COUNT CEPRANO, a noble ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Bass
BORSA, in the Duke's service ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Tenor
GIOVANNA, Gilda's duenna ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mezzo Soprano
MARULLO ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Bass
COUNTESS CEPRANO ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mezzo Soprano
A PAGE, AN USHER, ETC.							

### ACT I.

#### PRELUDE (ORCHESTRA) AND INTRODUCTION.

*A salon in the Duke's palace. A fete is in progress and the rooms are brilliantly lighted. Courtiers and ladies fill the stage, with pages passing to and fro, and music is heard from an adjoining room, with bursts of merriment.*

*The Duke*—How will it end—this remarkable adventure ? The fair unknown.  
I see her now before me.

*Borsa*—Her whom at church you gaze upon so often ?

*The Duke*—Ev'ry holiday and high day.

*Borsa*—Where is her dwelling ?

*The Duke*—The street is dark and lonesome ; ev'ry night a man is seen to enter.

*Borsa*—Think you she has suspicion of her lover ?

*The Duke*—I know not.

*Borsa*—Beautiful sight ! Behold them.

*The Duke*—Brighter than all shines the Countess of Ceprano.

*Borsa*—Let not the Count o'erhear you.

*The Duke*—And why not, prithee ?

*Borsa*—He might speak to another.

*The Duke*—Let him do as he will. Naught it concerns me.

*The Duke*—Yes, the one is as fair as the other. When a bevy of beauties surround me, but not one in her fetters has bound me. Far too dear is my freedom to me, from the graces and charms of dear woman. Human life all its lustre must borrow ; So the queen I shall worship to-morrow, Not the queen of to-day will she be, The queen who reigns to-day she will not be.

Cold fidelity, foe to enjoyment, I would shun as the worst, yes, the worst of diseases. Let the dullard be constant who pleases. The heart that would love, Ah ! that heart must be free. How I laugh at the fury of husbands, How I laugh at the lover's deep sighing, E'en the eyes of an Argus defying, When some beauty who can charm me I see.

## MINUET AND RIGAUDON.

(*Instruments heard from the balcony.*)

*The Duke*—You quit us ? How cruel !

*Countess Ceprano*—To leave is my duty, my husband commands me.

*The Duke*—So bright a star of beauty our court should illumine, its lustre completing. For you ev'ry heart should with rapture be beating. For you, lady only, I'm constantly sighing. I'm madden'd, distracted, with love I am dying.

*Countess Ceprano*—Pray, calm yourself.

*The Duke*—I'm constantly sighing, I'm madden'd, distracted, with love I am dying.

*Rigoletto*—To tell me your thoughts will you deign, Count Ceprano ? Just mark him ! He's fuming. .

*Borsa and Chorus*—Delightful !

*Rigoletto*—Oh yes !

*Borsa and Chorus*—Our Duke is the master of pleasure !

*Rigoletto*—Well, so is it daily, his joy has no measure ! Now gaming, now drinking, now banquets and dancing, Now battles and brawls in his heart have a place. The siege of the Countess is doubtless advancing, The husband puts on such a terrible face.

## CHORUS

*Marullo*—Attend all, a wonder !

*Chorus*—Some secret ? Reveal it.

*Marullo*—'Twill make you astonish'd !

*Chorus*—No longer conceal it.

*Marullo*—Ah ! Rigoletto.

*Chorus*—Well, he ?

*Marullo*—Vain is guessing.

*Chorus*—His hunch wears no longer ! He's straight, how distressing !

*Marullo*—More strange still, the blockhead—I do not deceive you—

*Chorus*—Proceed, pray.

*Marullo*— —has a mistress !

*Chorus*—We can scarcely believe you.

*Marullo*—Yes, who now could dream that the knave was so stupid ?

*Chorus*—The hunchback, who'd think it !

*Marullo*—He's transformed to Cupid.

*Chorus*—is transformed to Cupid.

*The Duke*—Ceprano, I swear, is a terrible pest. His Countess, of all bright angels the best.

*Rigoletto*—Secure her now!

*The Duke*—The act would be daring.

*Rigoletto*—Then do it!

*The Duke*—The Count, is he nothing?

*Rigoletto*—A dungeon securely!

*The Duke*—No, no.

*Rigoletto*—Let's see—in exile.

*The Duke*—You're mocking me, surely.

*Rigoletto*—His head then, his head then, what think ye?

*Ceprano*—(Vile slave, you shall rue it.)

*The Duke*—Can this be a head, pray?

*Rigoletto*—Of course—who would doubt it? A head such as that is—One's better without it.

*Ceprano*—Base villain!

*The Duke (to Ceprano)*—Forbear, sir!

*Rigoletto*—Brave husband, keep cool.

*Marullo and Chorus*—With rage he is boiling.

*The Duke (to Rigoletto)*—Come hither, sir fool!

*Borsa*—With rage he is boiling.

*Marullo and Chorus*—With rage he is boiling.

*Marullo*—You'll make them your foes if thus ever you jeer them.

*Ceprano*—The idiot we'll punish.

*Rigoletto*—In vain are their threats, I've no reason to fear them.

*Ceprano*—We all to our sorrow some wrongs can recall.

*The Duke*—The fury you raise on your head soon may fall.

*Ceprano*—Oh vengeance! *Borsa*—But how, pray? *Ceprano*—Be with me to-morrow. *Rigoletto*—Brave hands, brave hearts. *Borsa*—Yes.

*Ceprano*—At nightfall—

*Rigoletto*—The Duke still protects me, my danger is small.

*The Duke*—You'll make all your foes if thus long you jeer them, The fury you kindle, the fury you raise on your head soon may fall.

*Borsa and Chorus*—The idiot we'll punish! We all to our sorrow, The words of his malice too well can recall. Oh vengeance! We'll have vengeance, all! We'll have vengeance! Yes, all!

*Rigoletto*—In vain are their threats, I've no reason to fear them. The Duke still protects me, my danger is small.

*All*—Mirth before you spreads her treasure, taste of bliss without alloy;  
See how pleasure crowds on pleasure, this must be the home of joy.

[*Monterone enters.*]

*Monterone*—Nay, he shall hear me. Behold me!

*The Duke*—No!

*Rigoletto, Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—*Monterone!*

*Monterone*—Ay, Monteron! My voice shall like the thunder sound in your presence ever.



*Rigoletto*—"He shall hear me!" Signor, against us, you have plotted treason, and we may with magnanimity forgive you. We are greatly afraid you have lost your reason, Thus of your daughter to prate so out of season.

*Monterone*—Another outrage! (*To the Duke*) Your mirth confounding, again I come, Still my curse is sounding, The wrong I suffer'd is not requited, By which the fame of our house was blighted. Your headsman call at once, I do not fear you, Yet will my spectre, threat'ning, hover near you, A ghastly form, guilty souls appalling, On heav'n and earth alike for vengeance calling.

*The Duke*—Enough, seize him instantly.

*Rigoletto*—He's crazy!

*Borsa, Marullo and Ceprano*—He's raving!

*Monterone*—I curse you both, all punishment braving, Upon th' expiring lion 'tis unknighly, to loose your mongrel! (*To Rigoletto*)—Oh fiend unsightly, whose mirth a father's anguish can quicken, my curse upon you!

*Rigoletto*—Ah, now I am stricken!

*All (except Monterone)*—Why thus at our feast have you rashly intruded, By demons of ill you are surely deluded; In vain shall we hear you for clemency suing, The wrath you have waken'd will work your undoing. Your sov'reign is rous'd to a sense of his pow'r, Abandon all hope in this terrible hour.

*Rigoletto*—Oh, now I am stricken! Ah!

[*Monterone is led off by the Duke's men; the music of the fete is heard again, and the crowd follows the Duke off.*]

## SCENE II.

*The street outside Rigoletto's house. The house is surrounded by a courtyard from which a door opens to the street. A tall tree and a marble seat are also within the courtyard. At the end of the street one sees the end of Count Ceprano's palace. It is night.*

### DUET.

*Rigoletto*—How fearful is that old man's curse!

*Sparafucile*—Signor?

*Rigoletto*—Go, I have nothing.

*Sparafucile*—I beg not. You see before you a man that wears a sword.

*Rigoletto*—A robber.

*Sparafucile*—A man who'll rid you of a rival for a trifle. You're sure to have one.

*Rigoletto*—Wherefore?

*Sparafucile*—Because a lady is there.

*Rigoletto*—(Confusion!) How high would be the price if I should choose a noble?

*Sparafucile*—Then t'would be somewhat higher.

*Rigoletto*—And how must you be paid?

*Sparafucile*—Half you will give me down at once, the rest when all is done.

*Rigoletto*—(The villain!) How are you certain your work is fully done?

*Sparafucile*—Sometimes I kill them in the street, and sometimes at my lodging. Catching my man at nightfall, I merely stab him, he dies.

*Rigoletto*—(The scoundrel!) But at your lodging—

*Sparafucile*—'Tis easier, for then my sister aids me. In the street she dances, she's handsome. I show my victim, and then—

*Rigoletto*—Precisely.

*Sparafucile*—Not a sound is heard.

*Rigoletto*—Exactly.

*Sparafucile*—Look here ! you see my weapon— 'Twill serve you ?

*Rigoletto*—No, not at present.

*Sparafucile*—So much the worse.

*Rigoletto*—Your name ?

*Sparafucile*—Sparafucil I call myself.

*Rigoletto*—You're foreign ?

*Sparafucile*—Yes, Burgundian.

*Rigoletto*—And where, pray—upon occasion ?

*Sparafucile*—Here, ev'ry evening.

*Rigoletto*—Go.

*Sparafucile*—Sparafucil, Sparafucil.

SCENA AND DUET.

*Rigoletto*—Strange resemblance ! His the dagger—the tongue's my weapon.  
Laughter is my profession—Death, that man's trade is.

How fearful was that old man's curse ! Oh, race of men ! Cruel nature ! How base a villain you conspired to make me ! Oh torment ! Born thus misshapen— Oh torment ! Born for a zany ! Fit for naught, bred to naught, save senseless ribaldry ; Ev'n debarr'd from the poorest solace—from weeping !

The noble Duke, my master, handsome, engaging, very young too, pow'rful, half asleep gives his order : " Now, Buffoon, now amuse me." I must perforce obey him—Oh, vile existence ! Hireling band of scoffing knaves, my curse upon you ! When I bite you—oh, what pleasure ! Hateful if I be, hateful yourselves have made me.

Henceforth I have another nature ! How heavy was that old man's curse ! Still I hear it, 'tis ringing in my ears. My soul is troubled, Fear I some dread misfortune ? Oh, no, this is folly.

*Rigoletto*—Gilda !

*Gilda*—My father !

*Rigoletto*—Let me behold you. Sole joy on earth, let these fond arms enfold you.

*Gilda*—Father, you love me !

*Rigoletto*—Yes, darling dearest ! Life without you would be deserted, lonely !

*Gilda*—Father, you love me ! Dearest father !

*Rigoletto*—Oh darling daughter !

*Gilda*—You sigh, some trouble your mind oppresses ? Some secret ? What is it ? Father, pray tell me. Surrounding mystery this heart oppresses.  
Who are my kindred ? Do not repel me.

*Rigoletto*—You have no kin—

*Gilda*—Your name is hidden ?

*Rigoletto*—If aught concerns you—

*Gilda*—If I'm forbidden to ask the question !

*Rigoletto*—Abroad you gad !

*Gilda*—To church, not elsewhere.

*Rigoletto*—That is not bad.

*Gilda*—One favour grant me, I ask no other, Oh, father, pray tell me of my mother !

*Rigoletto*—Ah ! Dear child, recall not to my mind those joys that now are ended. That heav'nly angel, pure and kind, who love with pity blended. Misshapen was I, mean and low, therefore she loved me so. She was taken. May earth most lightly press on one so long lamented. You still are left me, life to bless. Great heaven, I am contented !

*Gilda*—Oh how sad you look ; What pow'r of words such anguish can express ? Father, no more restrain your grief, E'en as yourself I feel it. Your name, to give your heart relief, your sorrow, ah ! reveal it.

*Rigoletto*—Why ask this question ? Enough, you know you love me, you revere me. Upon me some with envy gaze, and some perchance may fear me ; Some, too, there are who curses breathe—

*Gilda*—Nay, all have moments of gladness, and you have friends—a country ?

*Rigoletto*—Country—and friends too, oh madness ! Country and kindred I know not ! For you, you only, do I live !

*Gilda*—Could I dispel this mis'ry, what joy to my heart it would give ! Here have I been three months long and dreary, naught have I seen yet ! at times I'm weary. This famous city I'd gladly see.

*Rigoletto*—You've left the house, girl ? Own the truth to me ?

*Gilda*—No.

*Rigoletto*—Good !

*Gilda*—(Ah ! what said I ?)

*Rigoletto*—Mind that you do not ! (She might be follow'd, Some one might watch her ! 'Twere sport indeed from these arms to snatch her. The wretched fool's only daughter. Despair !) Halloa !

*Giovanna*—Signor ?

*Rigoletto*—Have any—you'll not deceive me—been here to visit ?

*Giovanna*—No one, believe me.

*Rigoletto*—'Tis well. The door leading to the bastion is never open'd ?

*Giovanna*—No, surely no, Signor.

*Rigoletto*—Tell me the truth. Oh guard this flow'r of wondrous beauty in its purity and brightness, Let no speck assail its whiteness, be it kept from peril free. Let it be your sacred duty from destruction's storms to shield it. Watch it fondly till you yield it, pure and spotless back to me.

*Gilda*—Father dear, what peril fear you, when so tenderly you love me ? One is watching far above me ; 'tis my mother, yes, 'tis she. She in heart is ever near you, prays for both with deep affection,—While she gives us true protection, safe from storms the flow'r will be.

*Rigoletto*—Oh, guard this flow'r of wondrous beauty, in its purity and—  
Someone's without there.

*Gilda*—Save us ! Always some new suspicion !

*Rigoletto*—To the church then none your steps have even follow'd ?

*Giovanna*—None.

*The Duke*—(Rigoletto !)

*Rigoletto*—Mind you do not open should someone seek admittance.

*Giovanna*—The Duke himself might—

*Rigoletto*—Less to him than others. Farewell, my daughter !

*The Duke*—(His daughter ?)

*Gilda*—Farewell, dearest father !



*Rigoletto*—Ah ! guard this flow'r of wondrous beauty, etc.

*Gilda*—Father dear, what peril fear you, etc.

SCENA AND DUET.

*Gilda*—Giovanna, my heart misgives me.

*Giovanna*—And wherefore, pray ?

*Gilda*—Of him who followed us to church, I spake not.

*Giovanna*—There was no need for't. Must I believe, then, you look on him with hatred ?

*Gilda*—Oh ! no, he is too handsome ; born for fascination.

*Giovanna*—Gen'rous to boot, I doubt not of lofty station.

*Gilda*—Riches and dignity, all this I heed not ; give me a heart to love, aught else I need not. You in my dreams I see, naught is above you, sleeping or waking to you, I say : I'll—

*The Duke*— —Love you ! Sweetest, those words repeat, say that you love me ! A beam of joy at once opens above me !

*Gilda*—Giovanna ? Giovanna ? Ah, terrible ! no one can hear me, no one can answer me. Oh, heav'n ! none are near me !

*The Duke*—Yes, I am, I answer you, others desire not. Two hearts a world can make, more they require not.

*Gilda*—Who was it guided you, when here you come ?

*The Duke*—Angel or demon, love, sure 'tis the same ! I worship !

*Gilda*—Ah ! leave me, pray.

*The Duke*—Not now, love, if ever ; now, when we feel a tie that naught can sever ! A kindred flame within our hearts is lighted, henceforth, sweet maid, our fates must be united.

Love is the sun which our life ever brightens,

It is the voice which our hearts e'er lightens,

Glory, dominion, and fame, never doubt it,

Poor mortal man would be as naught without it.

O'er ev'ry joy 'twas sent hither to cheer us ;

'Tis love that makes us fancy angels, yes angels are near us !

Beautiful maiden, I ask you to love me,

Love me, my bliss will be envied by all.

*Gilda*—His honied voice seems like a spell to move me. The dream of innocence his fond words recall. A spell seems to move me.

*The Duke*—Oh, love me, sweet !

You love me,—say those words again !

*Gilda*—You heard me.

*The Duke*—Oh joy unbounded !

*Gilda*—Your name, perhaps, you'll kindly tell, methinks I ought to know it.

*Ceprano*—The place is here.

*The Duke*—I call myself—

*Borsa*—All's right !

*The Duke*—Gualtier Maldé, a simple student, and very poor.

*Giovanna*—A voice I heard without, there !

*Gilda*—Perchance, my father !

*The Duke*—(Ah, would that I could seize the vile intruder who thus annoys me !)

*Gilda*—Now to the bastion safely conduct him, away now !

*The Duke*—You love me, you love ?



*Gilda*—Be true.

*The Duke*—My life henceforward you——

*Gilda*—No more, no more, quick, hasten, no more delay now !

*The Duke*—Oh farewell ! oh farewell ! my hope, my only life.

*Gilda*—Oh, farewell, my hope, my only life, you still shall be to me.  
The love I feel for you, immortal will it be.

SCENA AND ARIA.

*Gilda*—Gualtier Maldé ! Can I forget it ? never ! name that art graven on my heart for ever !

Dearest name, for ever nurs'd in my mem'ry thou shalt be,  
For my maiden heart at first learn'd to beat with love for thee !  
All my thoughts and wishes past, dearest name to thee will fly,  
Dearest name, thou'lt be the last I shall breathe before I die.

[*Ceprano, Marullo, Borsa and others come on tiptoe through the darkness.*]

*Borsa*—She's there.

*Ceprano*—Is she not fair ?

*Chorus*—Beyond all measure !

*Marullo*—An angel surely !

*Chorus*—Too rich a treasure for Rigoletto, Too rich a treasure !

SCENA AND FINALE.

*Rigoletto*—Laughing ! And why ?

*Borsa*—Be silent, be active, your chief am I.

*Rigoletto*—(That old man's curse hangs heavily on me !) Who goes there ?

*Borsa*—Keep silence, 'tis Rigoletto.

*Ceprano*—A double triumph ! At once we'll slay him.

*Borsa*—Not so, to-morrow we can repay him.

*Marullo*—Now all is ready.

*Rigoletto*—Who's talking there ?

*Marullo*—Eh ! Rigoletto ?

*Rigoletto*—Say, who goes there ?

*Marullo*—You will not eat me ! I'm——

*Rigoletto*—Who ?

*Marullo*—Marullo.

*Rigoletto*—In such a darkness one's like another.

*Marullo*—Fine sport we're seeking, we must not tarry. Ceprano's wife hence we mean to carry !

*Rigoletto*—(I breathe more freely !) You'll fail most surely.

*Marullo (to Ceprano)*—Your keys, Ceprano. (*To Rigoletto*)—We work securely. Our game is certain, think we have won it. His key, here, take it.

*Rigoletto*—His arms are on it. (These fears were vain, then, oh, joy ! oh, wonder !) Let me be with you. His house is yonder.

*Marullo*—Our masks are coming.

*Rigoletto*—I, too, will hide my face, a mask please to give me.

*Marullo*—There's one, be quick. Hold fast the ladder.

*Rigoletto*—Was darkness e'er more thick ?

*Marullo*—He's blind and deaf, 'twas a splendid trick !

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—

Gently, gently, we'll not be detected,  
We shall trap him where he naught suspected,  
There is justice in measure for measure,  
This buffoon to us all was a pest.  
Softly, softly, we'll bear off his treasure,  
And to-morrow we'll laugh at the jest.  
Gently, softly, look to your work.

*Gilda*—Oh, help me, father !

*Borsa and Chorus*—Victorious !

*Gilda*—My father !

*Rigoletto*—They have not finish'd yet. This sport delights me. My eyes are bandag'd.

[*All, save Rigoletto, go off, carrying Gilda, who is gagged. She drops a scarf which they do not notice.*]

[*Rigoletto, left alone, tears the bandage from his eyes. Seeing Gilda's scarf, and the open door of his courtyard, he realises the disaster in which he has unknowingly assisted.*]

Ah ! now's the dreadful hour !

END OF FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

*A room in the Duke's palace, with large folding doors at the back, and doors on each side, above which there are portraits of the Duke and the Duchess.*

### SCENA AND ARIA.

*The Duke*—Yes, she was taken from me ! O heav'ns, but where ? In that short moment, ere some presentiment of evil impell'd me suddenly to retrace my footsteps. Open the door was—the house was quite deserted ! And where can she be now, the lovely angel ? She was the first who within this fickle bosom the thought of permanent devotion could waken. So pure she seem'd, so modest was her manner, after all I feel a growing sense of virtue ! And she was taken from me ! Who dar'd to do it ? Vengeance awaits him, thoughts of vengeance fire me. She now is weeping. How do her tears inspire me. Plainly methinks the tears I see from those dear eyelids falling. That voice I hear in agony, upon Gualtier calling. Danger was threat'ning thee around, "Gualtier" was the cry. Why came he not to help thee then. Living but to adore thee : he who his very soul would yield, all joys to scatter o'er thee ; Who ev'ry blessing heav'n could give for thee, dearest, could deny.

*Marullo, Borsa and Ceprano*—Hear us, hear us !

*The Duke*—Speak on !

*Marullo, Borsa and Ceprano*—We've carried off the mistress of Rigoletto.

*The Duke*—Splendid, and where ?

*Marullo, Borsa and Ceprano*—From his dwelling.

*The Duke*—Ah ! ah ! tell me, pray explain, tell me how 'twas done.

*Marullo and Chorus*—We roam'd about, by falling night protected,  
We came upon a narrow street, and there we found exactly what we expected—a damsel young and passing fair.

She vanish'd ! We all were dumb with rapture, now this, we knew, was Rigoletto's flame, whom we had firmly resolv'd to capture.

When up to us the jester came. "Ceprano's Countess," we said, "is wanted." He vow'd he'd lend his aid to win the prize! Against the wall was a ladder planted.

He held it himself with bandag'd eyes. Soon up the ladder we then briskly hurried, the jester's treasure soon away was borne.—*The Duke*—(Heavens! 'Twas herself—my heart has trac'd her.)—The truth discov'ring, he was sadly flurried. He could but curse and do no more.

*The Duke*—This luckless little girl, where have you plac'd her?

*Marullo and Chorus*—Most gracious duke, we have brought her here.

*The Duke*—(I felt, I knew that she was near!)

Yes, Love commands the lover, his mandate I must obey; my crown I'd cast away to call her once my own. My rank she will discover, and learn that Love unsparing, for conquest ever caring, will cast his fetters round a throne.

*Marullo, Ceprano, Borsa and Chorus*—

What sudden change comes o'er him now? This mood we ne'er have known.

#### SCENA AND ARIA.

*Marullo*—Unlucky Rigoletto!

*Rigoletto*—La ra, la ra, la la, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la la, la ra, la ra.

*Chorus*—He comes! Be silent!

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—Ah, good morning, Rigoletto.

*Rigoletto*—(They all were leagu'd together!)

*Marullo*—Come, what's the news, buffoon?

*Rigoletto*—"Come, what's the news, buffoon?" That you may look more unpleasant than ever.

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—Ha, ha, ha!

*Rigoletto*—La ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra. (But where can she be hidden?)

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—(He's in a dreadful fidget!)

*Rigoletto*—La ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la la, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra. (To *Marullo*)—I am glad you are in such good condition. Last night the air was chilly.

*Marullo*—What of last night?

*Rigoletto*—Ah! the joke was splendid!

*Marullo*—I was soundly sleeping.

*Rigoletto*—Ah! you were sleeping? I then snug was dreaming! La ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la ra, la la.

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—(See, see, naught he leaves unnotic'd!)

*Rigoletto*—(No, it is not.) Is the Duke sleeping still?

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—He still is sleeping.

*A Page*—Lords, the Duchess desires to see her consort.

*Ceprano*—Sleeping!

*Page*—Just now surely he was with you?

*Borsa*—Gone a-hunting!

*Page*—Without huntsmen or weapons?

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—What! can't you understand His Highness will see no one at present?

*Rigoletto*—Ah! she must be here, then, and with the Duke, too!

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—Who?



*Rigoletto*—The girl whom yester-night you all stole from my lodging. Soon now will I regain her— She is here.

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—If your mistress has vanish'd, elsewhere you must seek her.

*Rigoletto*—I seek my daughter !

*Borsa, Marullo, Ceprano and Chorus*—How, his daughter !

*Rigoletto*—Yes, yes, my daughter. Aye, a poor weak maiden, and you all can triumph o'er her ? She is there ! I demand her. At once restore her. Race accursed, gold fetters enthrall you ! E'en in bart'ring your souls you find pleasure. But my child is too priceless a treasure, by such hucksters as you to be sold. Give her back now, lest some mischief befall you, I'm unarm'd but new strength I can gather ; you have ne'er known the might of a father when his love for his child makes him bold. Base assassins, quickly open the door, resist me you dare not.

All together for my anger they care not ! all, all against me ! Humbly I'm weeping. Marullo, befriend me. You are friendly, your aid you will lend me. Where is she hidden ? Say, I implore you. Marullo, Marullo ! There, then ? Yes, she must be. This, then ? Yes, she must be. Oh, no one replies.

Noble lords, you would never deceive me. But my daughter, my child, you will give me. Naught 'twill cost you. I am humbled before you. She is all in this world that I prize ; yes, all I prize.

My child, my daughter give me, Naught beside her on earth I prize.

SCENA AND CHORUS.

*Gilda*—My father !

*Rigoletto*—Gilda ! my Gilda ! Behold here, this maiden— Behold here my sole possession. Nay—you need not tremble, dearest of angels, you need not—they were jesting. I also was weeping, I laugh now. (*To Gilda*)—But you still are weeping !

*Gilda*—This outrage, oh, my father !

*Rigoletto*—Gilda, what say'st thou ?

*Gilda*—Father, you only must look upon my blushes !

*Rigoletto*—Hie you from hence, great nobles, and if your gracious Duke to come here would venture, warn him not yet to enter. Here I am seated.

*Marullo and Chorus*—Children, as they say, and madmen sometimes ought to have their way.

Still we mean to watch him closely, though his order we obey.

SCENA AND DUET.

*Rigoletto*—Speak now, my daughter.

*Gilda*—(Oh ! shame give me courage !)

While at the altar praying, trusting that heaven would hear me,  
Once a fair youth of noble mien noticed I standing near me.  
No whisper'd word escap'd our lips, of love we discoursed with our eyes.  
Yesterday night to me he came, well by its shades protected,  
“ I'm but a student,” so he said ; naught I of ill suspected.  
And then profession of his love he made with many sighs.  
He left, he left.

Oh, my heart beat high, I saw a brighter world before me.  
Soon then a ruthless band appear'd, who from my chamber bore me,  
And brought me hither forcibly, a prey to deadly fear !

*Rigoletto*—Ah ! That all the load of infamy might fall upon me wholly,  
That she might rise I've pray'd often while I was base and lowly.

The altar to the gibbet's foot, it seem'd was often suited !

All order, all order is now uprooted.

The altar is overthrown ! All's now uprooted. Ah !—

(*To Gilda*)—Gilda, Gilda, my daughter.



*Gilda*—Father !

*Rigoletto*—Upon thy loving father's bosom, let fall that gushing tear.

*Gilda*—Father, in you the voice of an angel can I hear.

*Rigoletto*—Gilda.

*Gilda*—Father, an angel, I hear an angel, father, in you.

*Rigoletto*—One task must be finish'd, and then, child, for ever we'll quit this evil region—return to it never.

*Gilda*—Yes.

*Rigoletto*—(Thus all may be chang'd in the course of a day !)

*An Usher*—Make way, there, Monterone to prison we bear !

*Monterone*—Since curses like mine are unable to blight thee,  
The sword and the lightning are pow'rless to smite thee.  
No fear for the future need trouble thy mind.

*Rigoletto*—Not so, one avenger, old man, thou wilt find.

Aye, my soul, naught but vengeance desiring, gladly plans retribution  
appalling.

Strict account of this outrage requiring, comes the moment most fatal to  
thee.

Like the bolt from the thunder-cloud falling, Duke, the vengeance of the  
jester shall be.

*Gilda*—Oh my father, what fierce exultation fires those eyes with that  
lustre appalling ?

*Rigoletto*—Yes, vengeance !

*Gilda*—Oh, remember, if we seek for our salvation, e'en to foes we must  
merciful be.

*Rigoletto*—Oh, vengeance !

*Gilda*—Oh, remember !

*Rigoletto*—No ! No !

*Gilda*—(See me wrong'd, yet, great Heav'n, on thee calling, praying still that  
unscath'd he may be !)

#### END OF SECOND ACT.

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### ACT III.

*A lonely spot on the banks of the Mincio, at night ; the town of Mantua in the distance. On the right a two-storey house in use as an inn, so dilapidated that from the road passers-by can see what happens within. The road and the river in front. It is the house of Sparafucile, the assassin, who is seen inside sharpening his sword.*

#### PRELUDE, SCENA AND CANZONE.

*Rigoletto*—You love him ?

*Gilda*—Always:

*Rigoletto*—Time enough you have had to cure this folly.

*Gilda*—I love him.

*Rigoletto*—Oh foolish mind of woman ! That rich deceiver ! You shall be  
aveng'd, my Gilda.

*Gilda*—Have pity, father.

*Rigoletto*—Now, if you knew for certain that he was faithless, still you'd  
fondly love him ?

*Gilda*—Perhaps, but he adores me.

*Rigoletto*—Truly ?

*Gilda*—Yes.

*Rigoletto*—'Tis well, of all take notice.

*Gilda*—A man I see there.

*Rigoletto*—A moment longer.

*Gilda*—Ah me, my father !

*The Duke*—Two orders, and quickly !

*Sparafucile*—Give them !

*The Duke*—Want a room, and wine in plenty !

*Rigoletto*—Are these his constant habits ?

*Sparafucile*—(A youth most dainty !)

*The Duke*—Woman is fickle and false altogether, mov'd like the feather borne by the breezes,

Woman with smiles and with sighs can deceive us, often can grieve us, never displeases.

Woman is fickle, false altogether, mov'd like the feather borne by the breeze. Wretched the dupe is, who when she looks kindly, trusts to her blindly. Thus life is wasted !

Yet he must surely be dull beyond measure, who of love's pleasure never has tasted.

Woman is fickle, false altogether, mov'd like the feather borne by the breeze.

*Sparafucile*—Your man is yonder ; shall I spare him ? Shall I kill him ?

*Rigoletto*—A moment leave me, on my plans I'll ponder.

#### QUARTETTE.

*The Duke*—One day, if I remember well, sweet maid, I wish'd to meet you ;  
I sought and found your home was here, and come with love to greet you.  
To bow my head before you,  
And swear that I adore you.

*Gilda*—The false one !

*Maddalena*—Ha ! ha ! Words are lightly spoken, and vows are quickly broken, this true devoted lover looks very like a rover.

*The Duke*—Yes, I'm very bad.

*Gilda*—Oh, look, my father !

*Maddalena*—Your distance keep ; how dare you !

*The Duke*—Why in this taking ?

*Maddalena*—Be quiet !

*The Duke*—If you'll be kind, my dear, this fuss no longer making, when love would fill our hearts with joy, dull prudence afar we scatter. A lovely hand, how soft, how white !

*Maddalena*—Indeed, kind sir, you flatter.

*The Duke*—No, no.

*Maddalena*—I'm frightful !

*The Duke*—One little kiss.

*Gilda*—The false one !

*Maddalena*—Madman !

*The Duke*—I love you madly.

*Maddalena*—Nay, you annoy me sadly. I cannot understand.

*The Duke*—I offer you my hand.

*Maddalena*—Your word, sir, I require it.

*The Duke*—Your love, dear, I desire it.

*Gilda*—Oh, would that I had died !

*Rigoletto*—At last you're satisfied ?

*The Duke*—I'm your slave, sweet girl, believe me. Chains like yours can ne'er be broken ! But a word, a word in kindness spoken, will my peace of mind restore. Oh some solace, dearest, give me, ne'er my heart beat thus before.

*Maddalena*—Strive not vainly to deceive me, flatt'ring speeches you may make them.

*Gilda*—Thus the traitor could deceive me !

*Maddalena*—But be sure that I shall take them at their value, nothing more.

*Gilda*—Words like those to me were spoken. Heart, poor heart, thou wilt be broken. Surely thou can'st bear no more.

*Rigoletto (to Gilda)*—Weep not, thus needless pain you give me ; cease from weeping, thus needless pain you give me. Weep no more, oh, weep no more !

*Maddalena*—Often, often, sir, believe me, words like these I've heard before.

*Rigoletto*—Now you know his faithless heart is hollow. Punishment on sin shall follow, heavy vengeance is in store. I shall strike a blow, believe me, such as ne'er was struck before !

#### SCENA.

*Rigoletto*—Gilda, go home directly ; you'll find money and a palfrey, and the dress of a boy already there. You'll hasten to Verona ! To-morrow I am there.

*Gilda*—No, come with me.

*Rigoletto*—Nay, I cannot.

*Gilda*—Father !

*Rigoletto*—Go !

*Rigoletto (to Sparafucile)*—Twenty scudi, that's the price then I'm to begin with, the rest when all is over. He still remains here ?

*Sparafucile*—Yes.

*Rigoletto*—Well, at midnight, be sure I shall return.

*Sparafucile*—Don't hurry, without aid from the bank I'll fling his body.

*Rigoletto*—No, no, I must do that only.

*Sparafucile*—Tell me what his name is.

*Rigoletto*—Aye, without hesitation ; his name is Crime, and mine Retaliation.

*Sparafucile*—Ha, a storm surely threatens ! The night is growing darker.

*The Duke*—Maddalena !

*Maddalena*—Nay, be quiet, hither comes my brother.

*The Duke*—What matter ?

*Maddalena*—Thunder !

*Sparafucile*—Soon rain will fall in torrents.

*The Duke*—All the better. You'll pass the night, say, in the stable, in the cockloft, or where you please.

*Sparafucile*—I thank you.

*Maddalena*—(Nay, prithee, hear me.)

*The Duke (to Maddalena)*—(In such wrath ?)

*Sparafucile*—(Just twenty golden scudi.) Sir, I'm happy to offer you a chamber, and if you please, sir, now we will go to see it.

*The Duke*—Why not ? You lead the way ? Content, so be it.

*Maddalena*—Poor, handsome young man. He's so polite, too ! Gracious the storm is fearful.

*The Duke*—You never close the window ? 'Tis no matter ! Pleasant dreams, friend.

*Sparafucile*—From harm good angels keep you !

*The Duke*—Well, I'll just take a nap, I'm very sleepy.

Woman is fickle and false altogether, mov'd like the feather borne by the breezes.

*Maddalena*—That young man is charming—his ways prepossessing.

*Sparafucile*—And twenty gold scudi he brings—that's a blessing.

*Maddalena*—But twenty ? so little ? Your work is too cheap.

*Sparafucile*—Go bring me his sword, girl, you'll find him asleep.

SCENA AND TRIO. THE STORM.

*Gilda*—My senses are wand'ring ! Oh, father, forgive me ! Love prompts me to treason ! This night, black with horror, gives presage of woe !

*Maddalena*—Dear brother.

*Gilda*—Who speaks there ?

*Sparafucile*—To Beelzebub go.

*Maddalena*—That youth's an Apollo—a man of men—a jewel. He loves me, don't kill him—the deed would be cruel.

*Gilda*—Oh horror !

*Sparafucile*—That sack patch up quickly.

*Maddalena*—This sack ?

*Sparafucile*—Within it I purpose Apollo to pack, then into the river—

*Gilda*—My brain's throbbing madly !

*Maddalena*—Secure shall your money still be—never fear me, and yet you shall spare him.

*Sparafucile*—You puzzle me sadly.

*Maddalena*—Good brother, while I tell you my plan only hear me. Ten scudi you have from the hunchback already. The rest bye-and-bye he will bring you most surely. Just kill him, ten more will be yours quite securely. Thus naught you will lose, should you take my advice.

*Gilda*—"Tis dreadful ! My father !

*Sparafucile*—What ! murder the hunchback ? My morals are steady. For what do you take me ? A vile common robber, who sells his own client ? A pitiful jobber ? I'm true to the hunchback, he pays me my price.

*Maddalena*—You say he must die, then ?

*Sparafucile*—It can't be avoided.

*Maddalena*—(I'll warn him to fly, then !)

*Gilda*—Brave girl, blessings on thee.

*Sparafucile*—Our cash, you respect not.

*Maddalena*—That's true !

*Sparafucile*—Let me do it.



*Maddalena*—My pray'r oh reject not, my pray'r oh reject not.

*Sparafucile*—Perhaps, before midnight, some guest, for a wonder, may come.  
If he does, I will kill him instead.

*Maddalena*—This night, when the heav'ns declare wrath with their thunder,  
to wander abroad e'en the bravest will dread.

*Gilda*—A thought breaks upon me, oh, rapture ! oh, wonder ! Sure Heav'n  
has inspir'd me to die in his stead. Oh, Heav'n inspires me !

[*A flash of lightning. The lamps go out.*]

[*The clock sounds the hour.*]

[*From another sleep the half-hour sounds.*]

*Sparafucile*—One half-hour is left us.

*Maddalena*—Be merciful, brother !

*Gilda*—What ! she, too, is weeping ! Oh, longer I stay not, Although he  
has giv'n his false heart to another, to forfeit my life for his sake I delay  
not.

[*Lightning and thunder.*]

[*Sounds of knocking.*]

*Maddalena*—A knock there !

*Sparafucile*—The wind, sure.

*Maddalena*—The knock they're repeating.

*Sparafucile*—'Tis curious ! Who's there ?

*Gilda*—A beggar entreating for shelter this night, I shall perish without it.

*Maddalena*—A long night, I'm thinking.

*Sparafucile*—We'll just see about it.

*Maddalena*—Come, stir yourself quickly, be active, good brother ; one life,  
thro' another, I'm anxious to save.

*Sparafucile*—Enough ! I am ready ; your pray'r I refuse not, my scudi I  
lose not, so all I can brave.

*Gilda*—Ah me ! I'm so young, and yet death is so near me ! Oh heav'n ! for  
these wretches I pray, kindly hear me. And father, dear father, pardon  
thou wilt give me ! That man could deceive me, him I die to save !

[*The storm continues throughout this scene and in the orchestral interlude  
which follows it.*]

#### SCENA.

*Rigoletto*—Now, now approaches, swift the hour comes of vengeance, full  
thirty days expected, while tears of blood this poor heart was shedding,  
altho' the jester's mask I wear. This outlet ! yet open ! Ah, 'tis not  
time as yet. I'll wait, then. A night of fearful import ! By storms the  
sky is shaken, and on the earth is murder ! How great I feel now, how  
grand is my vengeance !—[*The clock strikes midnight*].—Ha ! 'tis midnight !

*Sparafucile*—Who's there ?

*Rigoletto*—You know me.

*Sparafucile*—Remain there. There's the man that you wanted !

*Rigoletto*—Oh, rapture ! a light here !

*Sparafucile*—Excuse me, now pay the money. Now then, we'll haste to the  
bank.

*Rigoletto*—Nay, help I need not.

*Sparafucile*—Oh, please yourself, sir, here the stream is shallow, but higher up  
you'll find it deeper. Be quick, lest some one should surprise you. Now  
good night, sir.

*Rigoletto*—He is here ! murder'd ! ah yes ! I'd gladly see him ! Still, 'twere useless ! Here I have him ! I feel his spurs too ! Great world, now look upon me. Here stands a jester, and near him lies his master ! At my feet he is lying. I have him ! oh rapture ! The blow is stricken, 'tis done, and all is over. His tomb will be the river, this sack his corse will cover ! The river, the river !

*The Duke*—Woman is fickle and false altogether, mov'd like a feather borne by the breezes.

*Rigoletto*—His voice, then.

*The Duke*—Woman, with smiles and sighs, she can deceive us, often can grieve us, never displeases.

*Rigoletto*—This must be some strange illusion !

*The Duke*—Woman is fickle, false altogether, mov'd like the feather borne by the breeze.

*Rigoletto*—No, no ! 'Tis no other ! My curse upon him ! Ho, there, thou fiend accursed !

*The Duke*—Mov'd like the feather, borne by the breeze.

#### SCENA AND FINAL DUET.

*Rigoletto*—Who is't that takes his place, then ? I tremble ! A human body ! My daughter ! Great Heaven, my daughter ! Ah no ! to Verona she is on her way now. I was mad ! But this, then ? Oh, my Gilda ! my daughter, I pray thee, answer ! Tell me where's the assassin ! Ho, there ! All silent, all still. My daughter ! my Gilda ! oh my daughter !

*Gilda*—Ah ! who calls me ?

*Rigoletto*—She is speaking ! she moves now ! she lives yet ! Oh mercy ! Oh, my heart's sole possession ! Look on me. Thou shouldst know me.

*Gilda*—Ah yes, my father !

*Rigoletto*—Dreadful moment ! Art hurt ? Oh, heav'n forbid it ! Tell me ?

*Gilda*—The steel—here, here, stabb'd me here.

*Rigoletto*—Foul deed, who did it ?

*Gilda*—I deceiv'd thee. My fault presses on me, I am dying. Love for him has undone me.

*Rigoletto*—(Thus the blow, upon the innocent falling, struck her down. No kind angel watch'd o'er thee !) Daughter ! Gilda, thy father is calling. Speak, oh speak to me, I implore thee !

*Gilda*—I am sinking—no more—my father, forgive me ! Now a blessing. Say you pardon—him, the other. In yonder heav'n I shall be near my mother. Then for thee I shall fervently pray.

*Rigoletto*—Do not leave me, my child, do not leave me. Thou wilt not leave me, oh, my innocent dove.

*Gilda*—In yonder heav'n, by the side of my mother. There for thee I shall fervently pray. I shall pray for thee.

*Rigoletto*—Oh, my daughter ! Oh, my innocent dove, do not die. Oh, how lonely 'twill be without thee, my love. Without thee how on earth can I stay ?

*Gilda*—No more, but him you will pardon. My father, oh, farewell ! In yonder heav'n, I shall pray for you.

*Rigoletto*—Gilda, my Gilda, all's ended ! At last the curse hath crush'd me !

---

END OF OPERA.

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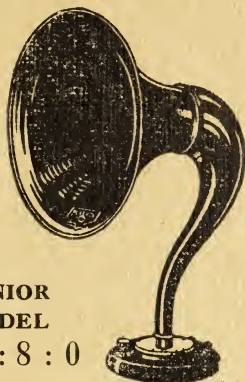
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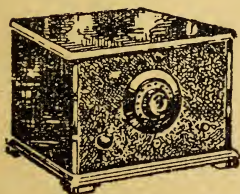
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All the World's makers of present-day Car and Wireless High and Low Tension Portable Batteries make the Plate Grids entirely of an alloy of Lead and Antimony (an inert metal) which Cannot Store Electricity Electro-chemically converted HENCE THE EXPENSE OF CONSTANTLY RE-CHARGING.

Also all the World's makers of Portable Batteries (only exception Tungstone) ARE COMPELLED TO PUT SEPARATORS BETWEEN EACH PLATE to hold the Paste in the Plate-Grids. All other Cells (except Tungstone) are provided with large space to receive the dropping Paste which is continuously forced out of the plate. Paste lying at the bottom of the container is electrical energy irretrievably lost as the Paste gradually dropping out of the Plate forthwith reduces and eventually kills the working efficiency of all other makes of Batteries.

LOW TENSION CELLULOID CONTAINERS (EXCEPT TUNGSTONE) CONTAIN CAMPHOR WHICH THE ACID ATTACKS CREATING CONSTANT FOAMING & FROTHING & RETAINS THE HEAT.

**You know now the Fundamental Causes why all Batteries (EXCEPT TUNGSTONE) cannot hold their Ampere Hour Capacity necessitating Re-charges at Unreasonably Short Periods**

TUNGSTONE High Tension 60 Volt Battery 3 a.h. is sold in the United Kingdom on monthly payments over extended period. Apply for particulars. Further interesting information on points of this advertisement are to be found on pages 58, 59, and 67 to 73 of the Illustrated Booklet "Photography tells the Story" which will be sent free on application to the Tungstone Accumulator Co., Ltd., St. Bride's House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.